

By reference to our paper, it will be seen that a meeting has been held in Barren county of the Kentucky officers and soldiers, to take into consideration the subject of the custody of the State flags. We published, in yesterday's Democrat, the proceedings of a similar meeting in Lexington. This movement is exciting considerable attention in the State, and while all reflecting men enter into the feelings of the gallant men who are reluctant to see the flags which they defended in so many battles pass under the care of those who are hostile to them, it should also be accompanied with regret that action should be deemed necessary.

Our confidence in the State officers elect is such, that, differing as widely with them as we do, we do not doubt that they would discharge the duty of custodians faithfully. It is reduced to a matter of pure sentiment—a sentiment which all men of just and honorable feelings are bound to respect.

We disregard altogether the political position which the movement necessarily takes, and look upon it simply as an individual question, and enter into the affairs of those who prefer that the flags should be under the care of those who sympathized with the Union in the struggle for its life, rather than that of those who sympathized with the Southern Confederacy.

The meeting is to be held, we repeat our suggestion that, in so grave a matter, the utmost deliberation and calmness should be exercised, and nothing engendered that creates ill-feeling in the State. This we know is the desire of the gallant men engaged in the movement.

**MIL. & C. CURRY**  
Is our authorized agent for the sale and delivery of the Democrat in Jeffersonville. Our subscribers will please call on Mr. Curry for any information in regard to it. Any advertisements or job work wanted by the citizens of Jeffersonville, if intrusted to Mr. Curry's care, will be promptly attended to.

The Louisville Courier is in distress because the "Third party," as it styles it, is not willing to yield up unconditionally, but still didn't get the needed votes in two State elections.

That the minority is a mystery incomprehensible to the Journal and Courier, for with them on the majority and the others have all the law and the profits. Nothing but the stringency of military law and the Courier's inability to comprehend the rocks from the organized bandit that hunted them like wolves, or to fly a weary, perious journey, through dense woods and over stony rocky hills, to seek the great shelter of generous Kentucky.

The Courier, while in the Confederacy, learned to play upon that famous musical instrument of guerrillas, the loo, with claim exceeding that with which Arion magnified the dolphins. The effect of this strange music is, that the musician fancies that everybody else's property belongs to him, and he "corraus" it at once. The Courier, that has become a harper, to which Harper's Weekly is a circumstance, tinkled on its instrument until it was inspired by the idea of stealing the name of Democracy and swearing oaths.

We have taken two appeals that went against us, but as we are confident of our title, we shall not cease until we have recovered our entire, undivided property. We know when this is done, the majority having gone against the Courier, its fondness for foot will bring it over with the spurs.

In the meanwhile, we call the Courier's attention to the fact that a majority is often wrong, and a minority right—proposition which some of its expeditors will hardly allow it to gainsay.

If the conflict was only in Kentucky; if the sky, like a stout crystal bowl, shut down entirely over Kentucky, and fenced out all the outside world, it might be excused for following the multitude to do evil that hurt only ourselves, but when the external States are all around us, and can impose some of their wickedness on us, in addition to our own, we would rather see it couldn't be prevented.

The Courier, therefore, had better guard its ill-gotten gains, for the National Democrats will certainly take an appeal to a higher court, to the general convention of the Democratic party.

Neither the whole world nor the Democratic party stands at the border line of Kentucky, as the Courier supposes, and it is just as well, to know if the national party considers disunion and Democracy convertible terms. Of course it does not, and the Courier, as the "emancipated and equal little inmate"! It ingeniously describes, and whose other peculiarity was to think all the world crazy but himself, can cease to threaten the races of man with his thunderbolts, as his crops in the columns of the Courier, and sneaks quietly to his small sense—he hasn't far to go, and conclude that Democracy means the most intense and practical Unionism.

The Courier doesn't know how these ambitious malcontents (the Democrats) can hope for success, because its policy is to defeat the Northern Democratic party by saying it is identical with bogus Kentucky Democracy, and thus excite the hostility of the Northern people, whose votes are necessary to save the country. It is very ingeniously done, and will have its effect. Of course the statement is false. No two parties can be more antagonistic than true Democracy and the shams we have in this State under the name.

Of course, as this was intended to defeat the Northern Democracy, and is a powerful instrument to effect the intention, the Courier unites with its Radical ally, and ascertains that the two parties are the same. Considering the use the Radicals will make of it, if the Courier didn't wish to help them, it had much better have remained silent.

A Kentucky friend writes that he has a pair of game-chickens for us, and asks how she shall send them. Indeed we don't know. If he lives in the West, he might send them to *Louisville Journal*.

That pun looks like it was artificially bashed, if the chicken never was.

**MR. SWEAD'S NEW MINISTER TO MEXICO.**  
Little Mr. Seward,  
sat in the bower,  
Waving Mexican pie;  
He put in his thumb,  
And pulled out a plum,  
And said, "What a good boy am I."

Col. Churchill is recommended as Secretary of State, under Governor Helm. Colonel Churchill is an accomplished gentleman, of high attainments, and would fill the office with credit and capacity.

"Dropping buckets into empty wells." And "empty wells in droves waiting up." Or bottomless buckets, which amounts to the same thing.

**There is one Pope in this country** that is not infallible, though he thinks he is. He is a military man, and gravely lays down the proposition that, as the people ought to do the reconstructing, therefore no speaker or newspaper who advises them against a peculiar form of reconstructing ought to be allowed to express opinions on the subject—a prose version of Bryan's profane lines:

"There is one Pope, there is one Pope, there is one Pope, there is one Pope."

Napoleon reconstructed France on that plan, permitting everybody perfectly free to vote for the emperor, a perfect exile if they didn't. The example has been laid since given. We read of a certain Governor who declared that the citizens might vote for the ticket on which he was a candidate, but the one headed by a distinguished Union General was not a Union ticket, and could not be represented from his State in the Electoral College.

This is a queer republic we are living in. It is like those queer beings transmogrified in the kingdom of the Black Isles, as related in that venerated history of the Arabian Nights. They were half man, half marble, "Ourself" (?), in the same way, half reptile and half deposition, with a number of satans doing governments on their own backs, in the sense of the verb to "hook" or "flock." Pope is about ripe for removal, and we think there is a chance for him to "turn out" better than Siberian.

**MEETING OF SOLDIERS TO-NIGHT.**—There will be a meeting of ex-Federal soldiers at the courthouse to night, to appoint delegates to the State convention of soldiers, to be held in this city on the 26th instant, to appoint a custodian for the battle-flags of the Kentucky regiments. This is a matter in which every soldier should feel himself personally interested. Let every soldier who is proud of his services in the army attend, and urge upon his comrades the importance of attending this meeting.

**SPLENDID LEXINGTON CO.OUR.**—Our Nelson county friends who may visit the Bardstown fair to-day, and of course the entire community will be in attendance, will enjoy the pleasure of looking upon one of the finest specimens of horseflesh ever beheld. This is the celebrated Lexington colt owned by W. K. Thomas, Esq., of this city. He is said, by those posted in such matters, to be more perfectly bred and has more of the pure Lexington blood in his veins than any horse in Kentucky. We shall expect to see him return here garlanded with blue ribbons.

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A full attendance is desired. Let every soldier who is proud of his services in the army attend, and urge upon his comrades the importance of attending this meeting.

**PERSONAL.**—Capt. Geo. W. Richardson, for many years the popular conductor on the Louisville and Lexington railroad, was in the city yesterday. He looks half and hearty, and is farming in Breckinridge county, in a neighborhood noted for big potatoes, fat babies and pretty girls.

**ROBBERY BY THE SO-CALLED.—The** successful party proposes to make Hawkins clerk of the Senate, and Robt. the assistant clerk.

# LOUISVILLE DAILY DEMOCRAT.

VOLUME XXIV.

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY: THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 22, 1867.

NUMBER 31.

SMALL TALK.

The Nashville Union is disgusted because a firm in that city has had a sign painted by a Louisville artist. It likewise is angered at a lawyer of that village for coming here and getting his card printed. The Boston Post says: "A capital execution for rape is very much needed just now." Well, sir, if you will come to Kentucky November 3d your laudable and pious wish shall be gratified. One James Love is to be hung in Mayfield on that day. The interior of the postoffice, really an architectural ornament to the city, has been rather dingy of late. But a corps of artists have been detailed, and were yesterday busily engaged in scraping away the accumulated dust preparatory to a brilliant coating of varnish.... Flash, flash, plash, through most of yesterday did the gentle rain fall. What boots it, thought every one, if it does bring mud to our disgraceful streets, so that it speeds the husbandman's labor, sweetens the atmosphere and gives new life to verdure and flowers.

The Old Fellows of Winchester held a picnic last Saturday, and raised \$5,000 for the Widows' Home and Orphans' College. Addresses were delivered by Rev. X. Hall, of Harrodsburg, and M. S. Dowden, of Lexington.

The following are the statistics of Shelby county, as exhibited by the assessor's books:

Land, 50,900 acres.

Towns, lots, 200.

Horses and mares, 300.

Cattle, value over \$20.

National stock.

Carriages, &c.

Gold and silver wares and clocks, &c.

Gold and silver plate.

Total value at \$10 per acre.

White males over 21 years.

Children between 2 and 20 years.

Children under 2 years.

No. of houses raised.

No. of houses razed.

No. of bushels wheat raised.

COLORADO.

Land, 25 acres.

Horses and mares.

Miners.

Cattle.

Value at \$10 per acre.

White males over 21 years.

Children between 2 and 20 years.

Children under 2 years.

No. of houses raised.

No. of houses razed.

No. of bushels wheat raised.

CHANGED HANDS.

The Courier of Friday, Oct. 1, 1867, reported the change of ownership of our school trustees to the necessary of their employing for the full session a competent male teacher to act in the capacity of principal in said schools. Heretofore we had only female teachers in that line, and they are totally incompetent to govern the many wild lads placed under their charge. We know this to be a fact from our own observation, and know the absolute necessity for a change. We hope those having the master in charge will carefully investigate the suggestions we have given and act accordingly.

EXCITEMENT.

Our town was thrown into a state of excitement to-day by a number of men making their appearance in the streets on horseback and in an excited condition.

However, we were not long in ascertaining the cause of the disturbance, which was the arrival of a company of soldiers from the neighborhood in which the negro attempted to outrage the property of the Government, and the editor claims to have acted with the mad disloyalists in the army of the Confederacy.

The chivalry boys of Bourbon had a tournament last week, and the successful knights made the following selections:

Queen of Love and Beauty—Miss Nanie Brooks; selected by Willis Goodman.

First Maid of Honor—Miss Ida Talbott; chosen by Dr. J. C. Talbott.

Second Maid of Honor—Miss Lettie Scott; selected by Kit Clay.

Third Maid of Honor—Miss Lettie Miller; selected by Frank Champ.

For Maid of Honor—Miss Mollie Miller; selected by Frank Champ.

They are to have a fat man's race at Paris. Better come down to our Falstaff.

Cradock, of the Paris True Kentuckian, was at a dinner party last week near Frankfort, in company with such good fellows as Gov. Bramlette, Judge Duvall, Col. Sam. Major, Dr. Paul Rankin, Pres. Thompson and James B. Beck. He writes thus of it:

The feast was magnificent, but, although we had Col. Sam. Ewell's best, Col. Peppermint, and Mr. N. Northcutt, the food was not much, and the dishes were not quite up to the mark.

(Note by the printer's devil—Don't be a fool.)

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THE COURIER.

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THE SOUTH.

Next week Nashville will be within four hours' ride of Memphis.

Tennessee rejoiced in a general rain Tuesday.

Weather in Jackson, Miss., more pleasant, and but one death from cholera last week.

Capt. J. M. Edwards, a highly respected citizen of Yazoo county, Miss., is dead.

John Happy, of the Nashville Banner, has evidently played "keerds." He heads a leading editorial the "Age of Clubs," and has another "trap" paragraph to offset:

We protest against the cruel Jones speaking of "election in Tennessee." There is no such thing as "election" in this State. To elect is to choose, and the people have no power to do this. In a plain case of "Brownlow-Jackson-and-Diamond" with a "cold-deck," and the cards all marked.

Arrest of a Cold-blooded Murderer—His Arrival in the New Albany Jail.

The Vicksburg train from Nashville yesterday afternoon brought to this city Sheriff Fullenmore, of New Albany, and detective Larry Ryan, of the former city, having in custody Peter Carnes. The prisoner, at the close of the day on the 4th of July last, went to an old colored barber in New Albany, named Finley, who was just closing up his shop, and asked him to black his boots. Finley told him he could not just then as he was closing up, and wanted to have some of the 4th of July to himself. Carnes remarked, "can't you black my boots?" and drew his pistol and shot Finley through the heart. He was put in the New Albany jail and soon after broke out in company with four others, who were afterwards arrested, and got on the New Albany and Salem train for Mitchell. He was recognized by conductor A. A. Rodgers, and the mail agent who attempted to arrest him tried to shoot him twice, but the pistol missed fire each time. He soon after made his escape from these parties, and hid in a house opposite the jail, and there he remained until the 1st of August, when he was discovered by his wife, and he was again arrested.

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Eclipse of Jupiter's Moons Last Night.

The old thunder of Olympus has soldom, since the first morning stars sang together, even known such an eclipse, even to himself or attendants, save, indeed, when Juno raised a wily disturbance, or some roysterer of the skies like Vulcan, took too much of the ambrosial nectar and broke the peace of the heavenly dominion. But last night there occurred one of those rare events in the history of this once god, but now serene planet.





